

THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE PAGE.



The Restless Sex A Romantic Film Drama With

MARION DAVIES By Robert W. Chambers.

(Continued from Yesterday.) For a few moments she stood there in a brown study-a glittering, exquisite figure in the subdued light which fell in tiny points of fire on gem and ring, bracelet and girdle, and tipped the gilded sandals on her little naked feet with sparks of living flame.

INTENSELY INTERESTED. Then she turned her charming

young head and looked across at him where he stood on the thresh-

"What do you think?" she said, "Ought you to go?"
"I ought to. But I don't think

"No, don't go," she said with a little laugh. "After all, if we're not to remain brother and sister any longer, there's a most fascinating novelty in your being here."

He came in and closed the door. She made room for him on the sofa and he flung his coat across her cloak and seated himself.

"Now," she said, dropping one silken knee over the other and clasping her hands around it, "how much can we care for each other without being silly? You I have a dreadful intuition that. I'd better not kiss you any more. Not that I don't adore you as much as I always did---She turned squarely around and looked at him out of her lovely

eyes:
"You took me by surprise. I didn't understand. Then, suddenly I lost my senses and became panicky. I was scared stiff Jimyou kissed me so many times-He reddened and looked down. Under his eyes her bare foot hung in its golden sandal-an exquisite, snowy little foot, quite perfectly fashioned to match her hands' soft symmetry. "If you loved me," he said, "you

not care how many times I kissed you."
"But you kept on—and you kissed

my eyes and throat-You wouldn't care what I didif you loved me."

"But they were unusual places to be kissed. I was scared. Did you think me ridiculous? It was rather startling, you know. It was such a complete novelty."

She admitted it so naively that he laughed in spite of his chagrin. "Steve," he said, "I don't know what to do about it. I'm falling more deeply in love with you every moment; and you are merely kind and sweet and friendly about it-"I'm intensely interested!" she

"Interested," he repeated; "yes, "A girl couldn't help being interested when a man she had always adored as a brother suddenly takes her into his arms and kisses her in unusual places," she said, "and does it a great number of times-

She laughed outright:
"I wish I had. It was a perfectly shameless performance. If you ever do it again, I shall keep

id with boyish sarcasm

Probably you kept count," he

"Is that all you'll do?" What else is there to do?" she inquired, smiling a trifle uneasily. You might find it in your heart

to respond. "How can my heart hold any more of you than it does and al-ways has?" she asked with pretty impatience.

"CAN'T you love me?"
"I don't know how to any more than L do.' "But you did not find it agree-able when I kissed you."

"I-don't know what I felt . . . We always kissed." She began to laugh. "I enjoyed THAT; but I don't think you did, always. You sometimes looked rather bored,

"I'm getting well paid back," he said.

REMEMBERS FORMER DAYS. This seemed to afford her infinite delight; there was malice in her gray eyes now, and a hint of pret-

"To think," she said, "that James Cleland should ever become sentimental with poor little Stephanie Quest! What an unbending! What ondescension! What a come-down! Oh, Jim, if I've really got you at last, I'm going to raise the very devil with you!' You're doing it."

"Am I? I hope I am! I mean to torment you. Why, when I think of the long, long years of childish adoration and awe-of the days when I tagged after you, grateful to be noticed, thankful when you found time for me __ " She clapped her hands together delightedly, enchanted with his glum and reddening face. For what she said was the truth; he knew it, though she did not realize how true it had been-and, meant merely to exag-

"Also," she said, "you leave me quite alone for three whole years when you could have come back at His face darkened and he bit his

"You're quite right," he said in a quiet voice. "A girl couldn't very well fall in love with that sort of

There was a silence. She had been enjoying her revenge, but she had not expected him to take it so

NO INTENTION TO HURT HIM. He sat there with lowered head, considering, gnawing at his under ed to hurt him. She was inexperi-

ried. His features seemed older, leaner, full of unfamiliar shadowsdisturbingly aloof and stern. She hesitated-the swift, confused memory of an hour before checking her for an instant, then she leaned toward him, quite certain of

enced enough with him to be wor-

what would happen-silent and cu-Old Folks' Coughs will be relieved promptly by Piso's. Stops throat tickle; relieves irritation. The remedy tested by more than fifty years of use is

rious as he drew her into his

She was very silent, 100, listening to his impetuous, broken avow-al-suffering his close embrace, his lips on her eyes and mouth and throat once more. The enormous novelty of it preoccupied her; the intense interest in his state of mind. Her curiosity held her spellpound. too, and unresponsive but fasci-

She lay very quietly in his arms. her lovely head resting on his shoulder, sometimes with eyes closed, sometimes watching him, meeting his eyes with a faint

Contact with him no longer frightened her. Her mind was clear, busy with this enormous novelty, searching for the reason of it, striving to understand his passion which she shyly recognized with an odd feeling of pride and tenderness, but to which there was nothing in her that respondednothing more than tender loyalty and the old love she had always

The gray tranquility of her eyes, virginal and clear—the pulseless quiet of the girl chilled him. "You don't love me, Steve, do

"Not—as you—wish me to." "Can't you?"

"I don't know." "Is there any chance?" She looked out across the studio, considering, and her gray eyes grew vague and remote.

"I don't know, Jim think that something has been left out of me. . . . Whatever it is. I don't know how to love—fall in love-as you wish me to. I don't know how to go about it. Perhaps it's because I've never thought about it. It's never oc-

"Then," he burst out, "how in God's name did you ever come to

HER MARRIAGE A PUZZLE.

She looked up at him gravely: "That is very different," she said. "Then you are in love with him!" "I told you that he fascinates

"Is it love?" he asked violently. "I don't know." "You must know! You've got a

mind!" "It doesn't explain what I feel for him. I can't put it into words." He drew her roughly to him, bent over her, looked into her eyes, and kissed her lips again and

"Can't you love me, Steve? Can't you?" he stammered.
"I—want to. I wish I did—the way you want me to."

"Will you try?" "I don't know how to try." "Do your lips on mine mean nothing to you?" You are so dear. "Yes. .

Yes. . . You are so dear. . I am wonderfully contented and not afraid." After a moment she released he self, laughed, and sat up, adjusting her hair with one hand and resting against his shoulder.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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Co-eds Paid To Smoke

University of Wisconsin will be paid 40 cents an hour next winter to smoke cigars, pipes, and cigarettes. For three hours and a half daily, the co.eds who accept this difficult mission will blow blue clouds of smoke in the laboratory of Professor M. V. O'Shea. The university will foot the tobacco bill.

This investigation is to ascertain what effect tobacco has on the minds of students. During the last eighteen months twenty-four men students of the school have been made subjects of this tobacco test. In other schools, namely Johns Hopkins, University of Michigan, Leland Stanford, Harvard and Cornell, similar examinations are being conducted and a joint report will be is-

Professor O'Shea says the work is for scientific purposes and not in the interest of propaganda.

Sir Walter Scott Not the Author

All the reference books and a long tradition assign to Sir Walter Scott the authorship of the lines: "One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name." So far as was known they were first used by Scott in the heading of a chapter of "Old Mortality." did not say they were his. But so many of the verses which he did prefix to chapters of his novels often attributing them to "Anon." were written by him, seemingly on the theory that it was easier for him to invent than to quote of copy, that the familiar quotation mentioned has all these years passed for

Now, however, a fellow-Scotsman, Mr. James' Rankin, of Galasheils, has unearthed the original. According to a letter in the Literary Supplement of the London Times, he discovered the quotation-along with thirteen others wholly negligible-in an Edinsburgh weekly paper, the Bee, of 1791. They were written by an unknown Major Mordaunt, and were printed twenty-four years before Scott helped himself to one of them.

The affair is more curious than important, but illustrates the way in which books of accurate information, like "Familiar Quotations," are in continual need of correction.

Why We Gape.

There are two unfailing signs of fatigue, mental and physical. When the mind is tired people gape, and when the body is tired they fidget. There is an idea that gaping is "catching." but this, it is said, is enly true if many people are tired together.



Child Green?

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever,

T the age of five a small, puny boy was started in at the public school, two years too young. At the age of sixteen he finished the high school smart in book memory but without assimilative knowledge of the subject matter and without any reliable choice as to the next step. The parents picked a college and the son through the course, which he completed with high percentage grades, but again with no reflective purpose of a life career based on the course of study pursued.

Not yet twenty-one, this young of over-advanced training is now moping about home and hanging his head in shame of possessing no definite interest in a career. What is the matter? The disturbed father has just brought the case to me for analysis and advice. And my answer is ready and

easy. The boy has been plucked too green all along the way. LESSONS MUST BE FELT. I have watched this critical error of over-advancement of the pupil for many years, and have seen many young men and young women driven nearly to despair because of the fault of being forced mechanically through a course of study before there was sufficient growth from within to respond intelligently and emotionally to the lessons imparted. For a lesson is not learned if it is simply memorized. It must be felt. It is not mastered through mere routine, perusal and recitation. It must become assimilated

through the interest and self-expression of the learner. . In the instance cited above, though a college graduate, the youth is still a mere boy with only the green passing interest in the course completed, and he is therefore deeply perplexed about a career. My criticism is that this young man must simply wait for life to ripen and for a career motive to spring up from within. The time will most certainly come-one, two, three years hence—when suddenly clear vision of a calling will most probably spring into his mind and

thrill him through and through. MAKE USE OF VACATIONS. No girl should finish a college course under twenty-one to twenty-three; nó boy should finish under twentyto twenty-five. Not only should they go slower than the ordinary parents are willing to permit them, but they should make continuous use of the vacations and other times out of school to apply and assimilate through practice the lessons learned along the way. Often one of the puniest specimens I meet in a whole day's journey is the college graduate who knows nothing except the pale lessons he has

Behold! Paper Hats.

MOBERLY, Mo .- The Moberly husbonds are happy. Their wives have taken up the paper hat craze, and they see visions of milinery bills being reduced to a mere pittance.

being designed, with, according to those who know women's hats, a great degree of success. The only difficulty that confronts the movement is the shortage of crepe paper. with which to replace the hats as they get rained on or wear out. Some of the women say they can use newspapers and magazines if necessary. One woman said she expects to use wire screening if she can't get the paper she wants. Most of the new hats are plaited, but a few have been made of frills and puffs.

Why Pluck a Planning For More Leisure Above All, Be Suggestions for MORE REST AND PLAY

have extra leisure time. And every housewife should now endeavor to plan to have more leisure than ever before. Yet it is a puzzle to many women as to how they are to have leisure when their house keeping takes till midnight every

night, winter or summer. Yet it can be done. And the woman who can sit down and really rest for an hour or two that she can really call her very own is going to be a happier and healthier little

woman when the cooler days return. The luncheon cloths of Japanese toweling are inexpensive and are laundered with far greater ease than the plain white linen cloths you may have been using. Paper napkins save work. Large plates that accommodate a whole meal are ideal labor-savers, and their divisions make it possible to serve neatly with a minimum of dishwashing.

TIME-SAVERS.

The fireless cooker is invaluable to the woman who would save herself work. It is almost impossible to give any model meals for the requirements of each family, for occupation and location differ. But, generally speaking, there may be one hot meal and one cold meal outside of breakfast each day. By writing out your tentative plan you may be able to cook enough potatoes on Monday to provide for the principal meal on Monday and to give enough left-overs for potato salad for the other meal on Monday and still enough to make cream potatoes on Tuesday. For it requires no more fuel and very little more labor to cook twenty potatoes instead of five

A large ham, carefully and slowly boiled, is a good thing to have on

By Edith McDowell-Wise.

WHALE of a good fellow"

(Copyright, 1920.)

E ACH year people are finding out greens and potatoes one day and that it is good for them to lend itself to slicing cold of them to have extended for them to lend itself to slicing cold of them. ways. The bone will help to make delicious bean soup. A piece of

corned beef also has possibilities. A freezer of ice-cream or water ices may be made on Saturday and packed right into the refrigerator, pail and all, for the Sunday treat. When you are purchasing a freezer. select one that will fit into your refrigerator. This is a great saving in ice when it comes to packing it over night.

REST AND PLAY.

One young wife who was not encumbered by a family told me that she used the afternoons of her first year as a wife to learn to sew. She did this during her leisure, and enjoyed doing it. Now that she has a family, she is able to dress them well on little money because she was wise enough to invest her leisure in learning to sew.

But the average housewife nedes the extra naps and little periods of rest which leisure time affords. She needs a change. She is but human. And upon her health and strength so much depends.

But she must create this leisure for herself. She must plan her work carefully and then use every endeavor to work her plan. Use common sense. It makes very little difference in the great scheme of things whether the neighbors criticise you because you are dressing your children in simple, need-not be-ironed crepe instead of beruffled fine things that take hours to iron. But what does make a difference in the great scheme is whether you have sufficient leisure time to rest, or perhaps to play with your little ones and come to know their virtues and their faults.

Create leisure hours for yourself, especially during the heated season. cooler days come back.

Leap Year Opportunities

In_Congress

years before. The compass is supposed to have been invented by Flavio Gioja, of Italy.

Mariner's Compass.

Lost Word

VRAJNE, Serbia.-There was a time in Vrajne when the people in-

cluded whatever the Serbian word for bath may be in their everyday

vocabularies and not infrequently

suited the action to the word, but

that was hundreds of years ago.

Today it is with difficulty that the

envoys of the American Red Cross

at Vrajne are teaching the people

the practical meaning of the word.

And yet, of all the towns in Serbia, Vrajne is the one which

should be most' familiar with baths

and bathing, for it is the home of

the biggest and oldest Turkish bath

establishment in the country. The

ancient baths were built in the six-

teenth century by the Turks them-

selves, who then ruled the country.

They are housed in an ancient stone

The water, in the days when the

baths were operating, flowed into

huge vats above primitive under-

ground furnaces from a spring

whose crystal stream, now re-

vaulted cellars of the ancient estab-

was led to the hot rooms above

through channels cut in the solid

rock walls of the building, for in

the days when the Vrajne baths

thing as an iron or lead pipe in all

of Serbia.

Today the Vrajne baths are deserted. Bathing is a ritual of which

the city's population has known

nothing for generations. The youth

of the town are learning the art

from the Red Cross workers feeding

and caring for the children of the

troublesome superfluity, and the

ancient baths of Vrajne may crum-

ble into ruins ere the subterranean

The mariner's compass was used

in Europe in the twelfth century.

and there are indications that it

was used in China at least 2.000

steam vats boil and bubble again.

The Age of the

poor, but the elders still look on the

regular ablution of the body as a

were constructed there was no such

still bubbles through the

The steam from the vats

structure with a red tile roof.

F you are a girl, by all means be feminine, both in your dress and in your ways. Girls who try to "ape" man by wearing his collars, his hats and his alleged blase look will always be a drug in

After all, what is it that attracts a man toward one of the opposite court or under the softening 'eye of the harvest moon he may tell her that it is her eyes, her hair or her alluring smile. But at the bottom of it all the attraction arises out of the fact that the girl is essentially feminine in herself. A man cannot be charmed by a girl who derides her femininity, and as to falling in love or anything so ridiculous, why, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of the proverbial

MEN DISLIKE PUBLICITY.

seen about with an obviously swaggering girl. She attracts far too much attention, and men, as a rule, do not like publicity-especially when there is a woman concerned The girl, poor dear, is pleased to be flattered with the attention paid her. and either ignores or does not see the fact that the interest centered in her is that of curiosity to see what she will do next.

You wouldn't take such a girl to a dance! Fancy sitting out with a girl whose hair is cut short, whose collar outdoes your own for stiffness and whose tie never graced the window of a milliner. Can your imagine timidly reaching for her hand and being greeted with: "Oh, cut out the heart business

No! Of course you can't, because, in the first place, you would never take the aforementioned girl to the dance, and in the second you wouldn't dream of holding her

It's a pity! What a dull place this old world would be without bur womenfolk just as they really are. Somehow they seem to make the skies seem bluer, the sun more brilliant, and the flowers brighter, though all are dull in comparison with wom r's charm. And yet a few are disposed to forsake it all for a fad!

mannishly pretentious girl as a sort of hero-pioneer of yet another phase of woman's emancipation. But the man has no use for it. It has no attraction for him, and rather does he deplore this travesty of woman's greatest charm-her femininity!

As Germ Carriers.

call that in 1900 the Vienna board of health displayed posters in the public parks and gardens directing women who visited them to hold up their skirts if they trailed along

of persons desiring to escape the dust of the streets, and the authorities therefore forbade the sweeping of dust there into heaps by trailing skirts.

'Bath' Seems When a Girl Marries

An Interesting Story of

EARLY WEDDED LIFE By Ann Lisle.

TOWARD noon on the day after all you want—can you think how our excursion to inspect the dreadful that is?" our excursion to inspect the estate Tom Mason wanted to buy, Phoebe ran in for a visit.

"I've heaps to tell you," she exclaimed, as we settled down cozily on my living room couch like a pair of boarding school girls stealing an after-lights-out visit. "Some such dark secret as what a darling my brother Neal is," I said

This produced an astonishing effect on Phoebe. Her face darkened to an uncomfortable crimson, and her eyes dulled over while her pointed chin set stubborning.
"Don't talk about Neal. I can't

bear it today. He's so set!" she cried explosively. 'Virginia is making life unendurable for me and Neal won't do a thing about it. It makes me-almost hate him, though I love him so."

"Come now, dear," I ventured, plunging in where perhaps angels might have feared to tread. "Isn't that precisely what you've come to talk over with me?"

"What do you mean to insinuate?" demanded Phoebe, giving her head Harrison toss.

KEEN UNDERSTANDING.

"You'd planned to start with our good times yesterday, and how at-tentively Tom was to Irma Warren. and how lovely Hidden Brook is, and how remarkable it is that some one is putting the Harrison Place in order and how loval Irma Warren was in her insistence on going home to dine with her uncle and-" Smiling and almost out of breath and ammunition, I stopped and gave Phoebe's hand a quick little squeeze before I went on, "After we'd gone over all that, you were going to get around to what is nearer and

dearer to both of us." "Indeed!" said Phoebe rather toploftically, "and since you know just what I'd planned to say, why don't you say it for me?"

"Is that fair, dear?" I asked. "Are you telling me I've been tactless and presumptuous? Aren't we sisters after all?"

Then Phoebe softened and was an eager child again instead of the icy Harrison grande dame she automatically becomes now and

"I'll tell you, Anne," she mur-mured. "Everything! Virginia is driving me mad. She goes around the house like an injured saint— stately and aloof. She talks as little as she can and has the coldest expression in her eyes when she has to look at me. You'd think she was a poor, pale, helpless ghost. But there's iron and steel underneath. Yet I can't put my finger on her or pin her down to

anything." "Yes, dear; I can picture that. But what of it?"

WORTH TIME AND PATIENCE. "What of it?" asked Phoebe indignantly. "When am I going to discuss my wedding with her? Does she think I'm going almost three years till I'm twentyone? Does any one think that? Living with a silent, gliding ghost But when it has power to stand between you and

"But you must wait"-I began with the the patience it is so easy to prescribe for others. Phoebe, however, flicking her eyes scornful-

ly over my face, broke in.
"I must wait! You sound just like Neal with his everlasting idea that we must wait. If Neal loves me, why doesn't he take me out of my prison? We have only to cross the State border and be married, and then what can Virginia do? If some one had the courage to defy her, it might bring her to her senses and show her she isn't the queen of the world. If Neal really cares for

me, wants me"-"If Neal only wanted you, dear."." I said very gravely, "he would take you like this. You'd elope and be nine days' wonder in all the scandal-mongers' mouths. And there would be a family feud and more cheap notoriety because of that. But Neal has adoration and respect and worship to add to merely wanting you. He's giving you a big love for your whole life, and that's worth waiting for. He's coming to the front door of your home and claim you royally before all the world, Isn't that worth a little time and patience?

PUZZLED OVER NON-INVITATION Phoebe's lips quivered, and then she flung herself into my arms and sobbed like the poor little spoiled child she sometimes is. After a minute of comforting she straightened back, took out her little vanity case and with a concluding sniff or two gravely powdered her nose and adjusted her hat.

"I'm better now," she quaintly. "I only wanted to hear you insist that Neal cares for me as much as I do for him. I can stand living with Virginia and hav-ing Sheldon Blake snooping around if I'm sure Neal cares the way I do. But I have to be sure, and I lose courage to believe now and then." "Phoebe, look at me!" I com-

manded, seizing her shoulders in

"Are you jealous?

Are you going to let the greeneyed monster get you? Don't! For pity's sake, don't. Of all the mis-"Course I'm not jealous," said Phoebe, wriggling away and going to the big French mirror to prim a bit. "Do I look nice-nice enough

to go down to Mrs. Cosby's for "To Mrs. Cosby's?" I repeated dully. "To Val's " "Yes; wasn't it dear of her to ask me, too?" Then at sight of my blank face: "Oh, aren't you going! I'm so sorry. I hope you're not offended, Anne. I suppose she has you so often she probably thought

ily all together—"
"My dear Phoebe" I interrupted with what I meant for graciousness," why should Val Cosby invite me to every lunch she gives?

it was nicer not to have the fam-

But I couldn't keep a cold, suspicious note out of my voice. Why should Val invite Phoebe and omit me?

(To Be Continued.)

How One Man Lowered Cost of Living

bors of Dr. Robert Grimshaw on Washington Heights. New York, looked askance upon his schemes for making that community Manhattan's hilltop Utopia, but since yesterday noon they have been behind him-to a woman. His victory is the more remarkable because he is the man who announced a few years ago that woman was an utter failure and the cause of most of the ridiculous inefficiency that characterized the United States of America.

Dr. Grimshaw won the day, not only against the skepticism of his neighbors, but against the green grocers of the neighborhood, and he won it with a mere corporal's guard of sandwich men. three weeks ago that Dr. Grimshaw, mechanical engineer of note and a member of the faculty of the College of the City of New York, pronounced his ultimatum.

Prices were much higher at the stores near his home than the altitude of Washington Heights warranted. He served notice on dealers, particularly on dealers in fruits and vegetables, that prices must come down. If they failed to come down, said Dr. Grimshaw, he would bring them down.

Dr. Robert Grimshaw said nothing whatever. When three weeks had expired yesterday and he noted wholesale prices and those which his grocer-neighbors pasted above their tomatoes, potatoes, green corn, cucumbers, lettuce and so forth, Dr Grimshaw crooked his little finger and eight sandwich men sprang

to do his bidding. Pannoplied in the accouterments of their trade, they were reviewed by Dr. Robert Grimshaw, who inscribed upon them, fore and aft, the wholesale prices of tomatoes, potatoes, green corn, cucumbers, lettuce forth. Thus armed, he sent them forth, to battle silently for his

cause. PRICES BEGIN TO TUMBLE.

All the morning the valiant mercenaries trudged up one side of Broadway, down the other, across 177th street, up St. Nicholas avenue to 181st street, down the other side of the avenue to 177th street and back to Broadway. Housewives out for their morning marketing read that tomatoes that were labeled 20 cents in all the stores 'roundabout were to be had at wholesale

and flaunted by the plodding sandwich men, and they told the grocers what they thought about it. By noon the grocers' prices were wavering and falling on all sides. By early afternoon many of them had been divided by four or five. Dr. Grimshaw called off his sandwich men. He was modestly elated. "Others in other districts." he said, "can and should do just what I have done in Washington Heights."

Cemetery in Genoa

Finest in the World. The most beautiful cemetery in existence is said to be the Staglieno Cemetery in Genoa. Italy. where the marvels of marble molded by the artists astound visitors. Likenesses of the departed are shown in poses with expressions

entrance, which was laid out in 1844 by Rasasco, are three double bronze gates. Passing through these one comes to a high terrace, on the edgeof which is a huge arch that sculptors have made famous. Moving onward in a grove made of white columns of marble and a

that make them almost lifelike.

Barring the approach to the main

canopy of stone shields the priceless slabs from wind and weather. Narrow steps lead to the upper galleries, the rotunda of which is in black marble. Families fortunate enough to be represented in this cemetery have statues made of them in life, and from these sculptors prepare the grave monuments. Thus over a

daughter dropping roses, another daughter as an angel with a trumpet, pointing her mother to heaven, and three sons kneeling at the open entrance to the sepulchre. Another group scene depicts the family around the bedside of a dying daughter, with the expressions and even the dress of the day

mother's grave is a statue of her

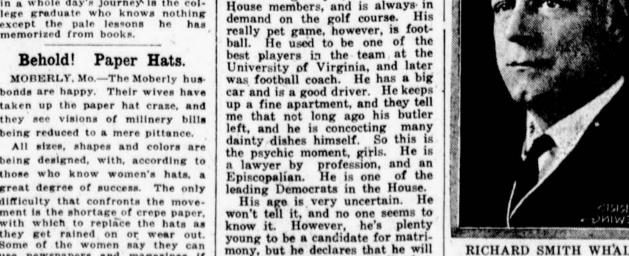
so truly depicted as to amaze the There are many such groups of masterpieces of art that contribute to the fame of Staglieno.

25 Skeletons of Spanish

Treasure Crew Unearthed. CORPUS CHRISTI, Tex.-Twentyfive skeletons have been found fourteen miles south of here. A Spanish treasure ship was sunk in the early forties near this place. The skeletons are believed to be those of the

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum
For sample Cuttours Talcum, a fancing the fragrant.

And Fragrant Talcum, a fancing the fragrant.



never live at Congress Hall when



RICHARD SMITH WHALEY.

he is married. So if any young miss has this idea in mind, she he might consider a Christian might as well become resigned to Scientist or Spiritualist. wouldn't object to a good "ouija keeping house. He prefers a girl of the Episcopalian faith, although board" operator.

Feminine By Ella Vincent.

the matrimonial market

A man would shrink from being

and give me a cigarette! I haven't had one for at least ten minutes!" WOMAN'S CHARM.

Some girls might look upon the

Long Skirts Banned

Long skirts must not return because they are a menace to the public health. Such is the warning ssued by the leading medical thorities of England, following the announcement that Paris is about to launch once more the long trailing skirts of twenty years ago.

the ground. The notice also stated that public inclosures were devoted to the use

for 4 cents or less. They saw similar contrasts in the other prices quoted by the grocers